

Chronicles of Narnia: Armageddon

by Dark Guymelef

Category: Chronicles of Narnia

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Peter Pevensie

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-03-20 06:00:27

Updated: 2012-03-25 00:51:57

Packaged: 2016-04-26 12:21:16

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 13,732

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Set after The Last Battle. When Susan is murdered and Aslan is gravely injured, an ancient and evil plot to destroy Narnia forever begins to unravel. PeterxOC, SusanxOC, EdmundxOC, LucyxTirian.

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I don't own The Chronicles of Narnia nor anything affiliated with it.

****The Chronicles of Narnia: Armageddon****

****Part 1: Rise of Omen****

****Chapter 1****

****Assassins****

Peter coughed and sputtered as he washed ashore. He just lay on the beach for a moment as he gathered his strength. With all of the energy in his body, the High King of Narnia threw his sword arm forward, grunting in pain as he did so. He painfully pulled his aching body forward, watching blood ooze from his arm as he passed over it. Next he used his good arm to drag himself farther.

When he finally cleared the water, Peter stopped to catch his breath. After a moment's respite, the king looked up, his eyes meeting a sight that pained him far more than the wound in his arm. On the top of a cliff to his left, Peter could see the silhouette of Cair Paravel, or what was left of it. The light from the fires in the castle separated its outline from the dark backdrop of smoke. His heart sank as the roar of the fires reached his ears. Instantly, his mind ran through the events that had brought him to this point.

Susan Pevensie, age 83, left her house for her daily walk through a suburban neighborhood in London. It was unusually warm for such a windy and cloudy day. The wind blew through her white, wispy hair. She had a rough, grumpy air about her that kept all but a few friends from approaching her. Those few friends knew that underneath the rough exterior was a sensitive, kind, and grieving woman. Ever since her family died, she rarely let anyone close to her. Hence, why she was still single at 83.

She walked two blocks and turned left, setting off on the next side of the square that was her walking path. She passed by a car here and there, but for the most part her path was void of life. Then, as she walked past a particular park on her path, a voice echoed throughout her mind. It was so loud; it was almost as if someone whispered it into her ear. She stopped, turning to look into the park, where she somehow felt the disembodied voice was coming from. She turned and walked down the path leading into the park when she heard it again.

"_Susan Pevensie_."

She moved off the path farther into the park, oblivious to the sudden thick fog that seemed to have sprung from nowhere. She continued into the eerie cloud until she noticed a dark figure in the distance. Susan stopped for a second and studied the figure in silence. Whoever it was felt oddly familiar and yet just as foreign and strange. From this distance, the figure appeared to be wearing a black trench coat over some kind of hoodie.

"Hello?" Susan called, "Are you the one that has been calling me?"

The figure didn't even so much as move, so she cautiously moved forward. A feeling of uneasiness settled over her. She stopped a few feet from the figure and spoke once again.

"Excuse me?"

The figure suddenly whipped around, revealing quite a few things to the old woman. One, the figure was male, and quite obviously not a normal one. His eyes were certainly abnormal. The color seemed to be constantly shifting, as if fire was literally trapped inside them. Second, what he was wearing was actually a black cloak with a belt around his waist. A piece of black cloth covered his face from the nose down. Finally, his intentions were hostile, judging by the fact that she was now staring at the business end of a silenced handgun.

Susan's eyes grew wide as the man spoke in a deep, cold voice, "Give Aslan my regards."

The woman tried to escape, but as she turned her head a muffled "pop" was emitted from the weapon and she fell lifeless on the ground.

Edmund fell on the grass with an "oomf." Peter stood triumphantly over his younger brother.

"You're it Ed," Peter smiled as he moved just out of his brother's reach. As the king got to his feet, Peter and the others involved in

their game of tag dispersed in every direction. Edmund chose a target and chased after them. He quickly closed the distance between himself and Eustace.

"You're it!" Edmund shouted as his hand pushed against Eustace's back. The latter fell over and rolled back to his feet, taking off after the Narnian king.

The players' shouts and laughter were carried on the wind to Cair Paravel, from which Aslan stood and watched the game in the distance. Due to the amazing speed at which you could run in this world, the game of tag was spread over a very wide area in front of the castle. He had come to visit the Pevensies at Cair Paravel, from which they once again ruled over the territory that originally contained to country of Narnia. When Lucy suggested an impromptu game of tag, the other players happily agreed. He smiled to himself as he watched them race back and forth, and then something else caught his eye. As he focused on the figure lying on the beach, mixed emotions welled up inside the lion. Feelings of happiness at the sight of the figure, and feelings of worry as to how she got there.

Lucy laughed as she managed to outrun Jill, who instead focused on Eustace. The girl stopped and watched them before starting to admire the scenery. As she did so, the young woman's eyes fell on a body in the sand of a beach not far from Cair Paravel. She focused on the woman, until she could clearly see her features. Upon realizing the identity of the woman, Lucy's heart leaped for joy.

"Susan!" She yelled as she took off towards her older sister. The others heard her shout and quickly followed.

Susan awoke confused and astonished. The last thing she remembered was meeting the cloaked figure in a foggy and dreary park in England. While now she lay on a warm beach with the sun shining down on her. The most amazing thing, however, was that instead of feeling like an old woman, she felt a strength that she hadn't felt in ages. All of the aches and pains she had acquired in her old age were gone.

Then, as she slowly pushed herself up, a shout brought her attention to another miracle. She looked up and saw Lucy racing towards her. At least, she looked like Lucy, though now an adult instead the child that she once was. Lucy threw her arms around her sister, who returned the embrace, not knowing what else to do.

More excited shouting reached their ears as more people came in sight. Susan quickly found herself in the middle of a large group hug filled with people she had supposed to be dead. Though quite a few of them looked older than they were since she last saw them, Peter didn't look he had aged even a day, and Edmund looked very much as did before, just taller.

Peter noticed the shocked and bewildered look on Susan's face and stepped away from the group. "Come on everyone," the High King said laughingly, "let's give her some space. She probably has no idea what's going on anyway."

The others slowly backed away, reluctant to let go. Susan, now realizing that she was not only once again in her prime, also noticed that she wasn't wearing the same faded clothes as before, but a beautiful and magnificent violet dress with gold trimming. She looked

questioningly at Peter, who opened his mouth to explain, when the sound of a blowing horn rang from Cair Paravel. The smiles on the group faded, and they all ran in the direction of the castle.

That horn had always been a signal of trouble in the castle at Cair Paravel, even before Real Narnia. So, its significance was not lost on any of the group. The only question was what could possibly cause trouble in this amazing and peaceful place? The answer was ominous indeed. For, as Aslan stood watching the happy reunion below, he didn't see the black cloaked figure crouched on a ledge above and behind him. The man wore clothing very similar to those worn by Susan's murderer. The man closed his right hand in to a fist, causing a blade to unsheathe itself from a contraption attached to his wrist.

The man silently leapt from the ledge, his blade pointed at the lion. As he landed, the blade pierced the powerful beast, causing him to roar in pain, and continued to open a large gash from the base of his neck curving to just above his leg. Like lightning, Aslan turned on the assassin, who stood no chance against him. With one powerful swipe of his paw, Aslan launched the attacker against a nearby pillar, which he hit with a sickening crunch, and fell crumpled and lifeless to the floor.

By now, others had gathered by the great lion's location. As Aslan suddenly staggered and fell over his wounded leg, some called for medical attention while others left to see to it that the horn was blown.

In a dark and bleak world, one in which the moon never shined, a massive and menacing castle rose high on the world's highest peak. Indeed, the entire mountain was all a part of the fortress. It was constantly lit by thousands of torches and candles, and inside one of the largest chambers of the castle, sitting on a throne of smooth, black stone, was a powerful and sinister man. His eyes seemed to burn with fire. He wore black and demonic armor, and a helmet crowned with eight black claws from some unknown creature. Under the steel faceplate of his helmet, the man wore a black cloth, concealing most of his face.

Into the throne room marched another figure clad in fine, black armor. The strange thing about this creature was that even if one got close enough to see into its helmet, they would find nothing but a black, shadowy mass. It stopped and kneeled before the man on the throne, and when it spoke, its voice was deep and echoed around the walls of the chamber as if several people had spoken at once.

"Milord Omen," the figure lifted its head to face the man, "the detachment is ready. At your command, we will move to Narnia."

"Very good General," Omen's deep, cold voice flowed from under the helmet, "Ready Nightmare for departure. I shall lead the incursion into Narnia."

Lucy, Susan, Eustace, Jill, and Edmund all sat around a table waiting for Peter to come and give them news on Aslan's condition. Edmund and Eustace both were resting their heads on their arms while playing a game of chess. Even though time did not seem to work normally, suddenly it stretched on forever.

The sound of footsteps approaching the pavilion under which they sat brought all of their attention to the stairs. Disappointment adorned all of their faces except for Lucy's as they saw King Tirian, King Caspian X, and Caspian's wife run up the stairs. Lucy shot from her seat and ran into Tirian's arms. Susan raised an eyebrow at her sister as she led Tirian by the hand and sat down next to her. Before sitting down next to Lucy, Tirian turned and bowed to Susan.

"It's nice to meet you, Queen Susan the Gentle. I am King Tirian, the last King of Narnia."

Susan nodded her head to him as he sat down, "It's nice to meet you." Then she looked expectantly at her sister as Lucy snuggled against the king, "Well?"

Lucy beamed as she explained to her sister, "He is my boyfriend." At the word "boyfriend," she snuggled even further into Tirian's side.

"It's wonderful to see you again, Queen Susan," Caspian said as he and his wife smiled at her.

"It's good to see you too," Susan replied, "who is this?"

Caspian's smile grew, "This is my wife, Queen Lilliandil."

"It's a pleasure to meet you," Lilliandil said.

"The pleasure's all mine," Susan replied politely.

Caspian's smile disappeared as he approached the serious situation that brought them there, "How's Aslan?"

"He's fine. He's asleep right now." The group turned to see Peter standing at the top of the stairs. "If all of you wouldn't mind, I think we should take a look at his attacker."

When they reached the room in which the Narnians were keeping the body of the assassin, they found two people waiting for them. The two bowed before the group as they arrived.

"King Nain II and his sister, Princess Lyra of Archenland," Mr. Tumnus introduced them as they bowed to the group. After a moment's hesitation, Peter bowed to them as well.

"Peter fancies her," Edmund whispered in Susan's ear.

"And she fancies him, but they seem to be the only ones that don't know," Lucy whispered.

Susan studied the Princess carefully. She was indeed very beautiful. She had long, ebony hair and slightly tanned skin, a regal face and very stunning green eyes. Susan bowed to them along with the others as they walked into the room.

The room was a large square that had a raised stone slab in the center on which lay the assassin's body. The group gathered in a large circle around the stone slab. Peter approached the stone and leant against it.

"How did he even get here?" Caspian asked.

"I don't know," Peter replied. An idea struck him, and he turned to Susan. "Susan," he spoke as he stood and turned, "do you know anything aboutâ€". " Peter fell silent as he saw how pale she had become.

"Su, are you alright?" Edmund asked.

Susan tentatively took a step forward, "He looks just like the man who killed me in England."

"Could he be?" Tirian asked, "Do you think he had enough time to kill you and somehow infiltrate Narnia?"

"No, he's not the same man," Susan said.

"How do you know?"

"His eyes. The man who shot me had eyes that looked like fire."

Peter looked to see the man's green eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. He continued to look over the body silently, the cogs in his brain obviously turning. After a moment, he rolled the body over, revealing a red symbol imprinted on the back of the black cloak. It depicted a horned skull over two crossed swords. They were surrounded by a ring from jutting several points.

"Anyone recognize this?" Peter asked as he looked around the room, seeing no more than a bunch of shaking heads.

Just then, Mr. Tumnus entered the room, "Excuse me your Majesties, but Aslan is awake."

A loud crash rang across the green plain as what seemed to be a shimmering window to a much darker and dreary place emerged from thin air. With the thundering of hooves, a large troop of armor-clad soldiers on horseback emerged from the other side of the window, which promptly closed. The lead rider was different from his men. His stood was jet black, except for his mane and tale, which were flames. Flames also shot from the animal's eyes and nostrils. The rider's black cape fluttered in the wind, and protecting his head was the Crown of Omen.

The force turned, heading towards a long range of mountains to the west. They rode on into the night, scattering every creature that remained before them. As they rushed onward, whispers quickly spread across the land. Evil had returned to Narnia.

Aslan looked up from the rug on which he lay as the group of rulers and heroes assembled before him. He saw Lucy stare worriedly at the large scar running along his side. He smiled at her before speaking.

"Do not worry Lucy, it will take some time but it will heal," the lion then turned to Susan, "It is good to see you again Queen Susan."

"You too Aslan. I'm sorry about this."

"It is no worry. It was not by your hand that this was done," then he turned to Peter, "What of the assassin?"

Peter explained their meeting by the body, and with every word, Aslan's face became grimmer and grimmer. When the High King finished, the great lion looked sorrowfully around the room and sighed.

"It seems I have a story to tell," He said, "the story about Omen."

"Omen?" Susan asked.

"Yes. You see, a very long time ago, long before Narnia was created, I met a man with whom I became very good friends. His name was Alam. He was an extremely skilled warrior, and a master tactician and strategist. He helped me root out evil from countless worlds. But, during one particularly difficult conflict, he encountered a bodiless spirit called Omen. Omen told him that he possessed power and knowledge that could help end the war, if only he allowed Omen to dwell inside of him. Thinking to use the power for good, Alam allowed it. However, Omen turned out to be a demon, made forever powerless by his lack of a body. He consumed Alam, and took his body for his own. Omen destroyed that world, and wreaked havoc upon several more before I finally imprisoned him. He vowed to one day escape, and destroy Narnia, and me with it. But I know he won't stop there, he is ambitious, and won't stop until he rules all of the worlds.

"Omen is a foe more formidable than all that Narnia has faced in the past. He is cunning and poses great and mystical powers. But he also has Alam's skill in combat, and can navigate a battlefield and plan military operations unlike anyone I have ever seen. If he has truly returned, then facing him will truly be a struggle that will take the strength of all of Narnia to win."

Aslan looked at Peter, who reflected all of the various feelings of the others as one. His face was pale, and he looked like he might be sick. The High King's eyes stared intently at the rug on which Aslan lay. His mind was completely blank, rendered so by fear.

"Do not be afraid," Aslan commanded to the entire room, but was looking directly at Peter, who now locked his eyes with Aslan's, "The fact that you can feel fear in this world is proof of Omen's power working. Do not fear, for if you do, if you allow it to grow and consume you, then the demon has already won. Come, let us go to my castle, where we shall plan our next course of action."

Omen stood on an island in the middle of small, underground pool. The pale blue water seemed to emit a light of its own, lighting the entire cave. Omen stooped down, and touched one finger to the water, which immediately began to turn red. He then held out one hand, palm up, and spoke in a dark and demonic voice.

"Rise Jadis, the White Witch, enemy of Narnia and of Aslan. Rise and serve me in my battle against your enemies."

A large amount of water suddenly shot from the pool. It grew, taking shape, and changed in color and texture until the White Witch stood before him. She opened her mouth to speak, but found herself unable

to do so when Omen raised a hand to silence her. He then turned another section of the water and repeated the ritual, this time bringing forth Miraz. He repeated the ritual a few more times, also raising Rabadash, the Emerald Witch, and Tash.

Having finished, Omen surveyed the five around him and nodded his head approvingly, "Together, we will see Narnia burnt to the ground, and kill the great lion Aslan. But for now, you must go to my castle in Shadern. I will remain here for a short while to greet the local royalty."

****Sorry this was so short, or if it seemed kind of rushed. It was very spur of the moment. The rest of the story will have much more planning involved. Please review! Any feedback would be very helpful (and motivating). As far as my other How to Train Your Dragon story goes, I found I didn't really like my idea and now have to rethink it, so it is temporarily postponed.****

****Darkguymelef.****

2. Chapter 2

****Chapter 2****

****First Blood and True Love****

Peter's blood pounded in his ears as he and the others ran as fast as their legs could possibly carry them. The sound of hundreds of hooves beating against the ground grew steadily louder behind them. Aslan's castle was finally in sight, but it still seemed too far away.

They had been about halfway to the castle when a small force of armor clad warriors on horseback appeared on their tails. The group took off as fast as they could, but their pursuers were persistent. Peter was surprised when he looked over his shoulder just in time to see the enemy force emerge from a small forest quite a ways behind them. He could only assume that the one riding at the front of the formation, on a steed that seemed to be on fire, was the demon Omen.

Finally, the group of Narnians reached the foot of the steep hill on which Aslan's castle stood. Peter drew his sword and turned towards the demon and his men, as did many of the others. The women were about to start climbing when Lucy turned toward her brother.

"Peter! What are you doing?" At this, the other women also turned around.

"Come Peter, we must go." Aslan said.

"No," Peter's voice was filled with staunch determination, "Narnia needs you Aslan. We need to keep you alive. We will cover your escape with the others. Edmund! Eustace! See to it that they get there safely!"

"What?" Edmund shouted indignantly.

Peter looked quickly at the approaching soldiers and then back to his brother, "There's no time! Go!" He then turned to the lion, "Please

go Aslan, you must stay alive."

"Very well," Aslan replied, "I will send help as soon as I can."

Edmund begrudgingly followed them up the hill while Peter and the others readied their blades at the swiftly approaching force. Peter mentally scolded himself for not bringing his armor with him. His only real protection was the sword in his hands. Neither his deep blue tunic nor his black pants would stand up against sharpened steel.

The High King took a few deep breaths in an attempt to calm his racing heart. He stared steadily ahead as their enemy approached. Once again, time seemed to slow. Peter felt a strange pressure in his ears, deafening him somewhat. His own breathing was loud in his ears, and he closed his eyes for a short while as he gathered his courage.

Peter opened his eyes, opening his mouth to give command to his companions. But the words never left his throat, for suddenly the winged horse Strawberry landed on the grass in front of him. King Frank I turned to look behind him while drawing his sword and raising it into the air.

"Charge!" The king shouted.

With a start, Peter and his companions realized that a rather large force of Narnians had followed King Frank from Aslan's castle. They stood temporarily stunned as the Narnians rushed around them, before running forward themselves.

Peter swung his sword, taking one of the black horses down as he did so. The animal sank to the ground, its rider struggling to regain his footing. Before he could stand, the black clad fighter fell before Peter's blade.

Before moving on, Peter took a quick moment to study his fallen enemy. The soldier appeared to be human, though his facial features were hard and made him look angry even in death. He wore black, full plated armor that had deep red splotches all over it. Peter had never seen a metal even remotely like it. He then studied the horse, which in and of itself looked demented. Its eyes were large and black, its pupils being vertical slits. It had several pointed teeth that seemed better for piercing flesh than grinding vegetation.

A shout from behind him brought Peter from his reverie. He turned to see another enemy soldier, this one on foot, charging at him. With experienced agility, he dodged the attacker's axe, bringing his own weapon across the man's chest. The soldier fell to his knees, at which point Peter took his enemy's own sword from its scabbard, and kicked the dead man to the ground.

The cries of battle, the wail of the wounded, and the clash of steel wove themselves together in an evil song that went the air. Peter, made faster by his lack of armor, and yet more dangerous with both swords in hand, slashed his way through the fray. Sweat soaked his clothes and matted his golden hair to his head.

Another enemy approached, and Peter easily parried the aggressive

blow before answering with one of his own, knocking his opponent lifeless to the ground. Yet another soldier charged forward, swinging his axe horizontally. Peter ducked beneath the attack, and then stabbed upward, impaling his foe.

The Narnians' numbers were far greater than the invaders', so the battle was short and relatively easy. This unnerved Peter as he withdrew his sword from one of the last of the enemy and surveyed the battlefield around him. All around him the other Narnians were doing the same, surveying the swift defeat of Omen's men. However, one fierce dual still raged, and it drew the attention of all that were present.

On the edge of the battlefield, separated from the victorious army by a grassy knoll covered in bodies, King Frank on Strawberry battled Omen on his steed. The two horses trotted in a tight circle as their masters' swords flashed furiously back and forth. The blows were so powerful that it amazed the onlookers that neither fell.

Finally the battle ended, but in such a way that brought stabs of emotional pain through the Narnians. With one powerful blow, Omen knocked King Frank's sword out of the way, then stabbed forward before the king could react. Strawberry neighed as King Frank drew his last, labored breath.

"No!" Peter cried along with several others.

The winged horse tried to escape as his master fell, but he didn't get far. As the horse took to the air, Omen threw his sword, which embedded itself in the animal's heart. The wondrous beast crashed to the ground as Omen dismounted and took a few steps in Peter's direction.

The High King began to walk forward, his body shaking from the rage inside. However, he stopped and raised both blades as the demon raised both of his hands to waist height. What looked like black smoke poured onto the ground from the palms of his open hands until it formed a small cloud at his feet. Then, there was a sudden and powerful gust of wind that seemed to have been emitted from Omen himself. It nearly knocked Peter over and blew the black smoke all across the battlefield. Peter watched in bewilderment and alarm as the smoke gathered over all of the fallen warriors on the battlefield. It then seemed to be sucked inside of them, and Peter approached the closest fallen soldier so as to better observe what was happening. The man's skin and hair turned completely black then cracked and disintegrated into dust, leaving only his bones inside the armor.

After that, nothing happened for a moment. Suddenly, just as a spooky silence settled over the field, the skeleton gripped the handle of its sword and stabbed straight upward. Peter reacted barely quick enough to avoid being pierced by the weapon. He backed away and readied both swords as the skeleton, along with all of the skeletons of the fallen on the battlefield, got to its feet.

It took one look at Peter and darted forward. The king deflected its blow as the clash of steel once again rang across the grassy plain. He swung upward with both blades, dismembering his opponent's arms. The skeleton turned its skull to look at one arm and then the other. It looked back up at Peter again and lunged forward, jaw open. Peter

swung upward, cutting the skull in half. The bones then fell motionless in a pile in front of him. An idea dawning on him, Peter spun, blades at shoulder height, and cut through two more skulls. Their respective skeletons then fell lifeless upon the ground as well.

Having confirmed his idea, the High King shouted above the din of battle, "Their skulls! Destroy their skulls!"

Knowing their weakness, the Narnian army cut the brainless, undead soldiers down with ease. Their ability to fight as long as their heads were intact seemed to be the only thing the skeletons had going for them. They were rather dim and unskilled in combat; fell swiftly before the more experienced defenders. When at last the final skeletal warrior fell, Peter looked up to see Omen sitting calmly on his horse. Peter started to run towards him when another smaller, shimmering window opened behind the demon. Omen looked Peter in the eye across the distance between them and spoke three words.

"I shall return." He and his mount then turned and walked into the portal, which closed with a crash.

The funeral for the fallen was a sad event indeed. The sun shining down on the Narnians did little to lift their spirits. All the Narnians that could attend were present. The viewing of the bodies, especially for King Frank, took what surely must have been a very long time, though no one knew for sure how long.

When at last the viewings were over, the dead were buried one by one, culminating in the burial of the First King of Narnia. His casket was borne by the kings that fought alongside him in his last battle. Peter had his head held high; his gaze locked forward, a figure of strength and confidence. However, Susan, Lucy, and Lyra all saw how empty that gaze was. They all knew the High King blamed himself for the fall of his predecessor.

After King Frank's casket was buried, all of the Narnians gathered together to eagerly await a speech from Aslan. The great lion looked upon the crowd with sad eyes. This loss had obviously taken its toll on him as well.

"My friends," Aslan began, "today we have mourned the passing of those with whom we were very close. Souls that fought bravely in the defense of others, and paid the ultimate price for it. Even our beloved King Frank I have and his faithful horse, Strawberry, have given their lives in defense of Narnia and its people.

"I know not what has become of their souls, but I do know this: that we must not let them die in vain. They gave their lives and their happiness in this world, to defend it against an evil older than Narnia itself. A demon, by the name of Omen, is the one responsible for this terrible tragedy. He has been an enemy of Narnia longer than Narnia has existed. Until recently, he was imprisoned. But now that he has escaped, and has found a way to infiltrate our lands, I have no doubt he will soon return, with numbers far greater than before.

"My fellow Narnians, we must prepare ourselves for what will be a long and grueling war. But no matter how hard it gets, no matter how dark things become, we must never give up hope. For, the moment we

do, Narnia will be lost forever. Omen will choke out its life with his dark powers, and then move on to other worlds to do the same.

"But enough talk of the dark, the terrible, and the sad. For tonight, let us forget our sorrows, and rejoice in the lives of the fallen. Let us celebrate that such good creatures lived, for I know they would not want us to mourn for long, which is not what they gave their lives for. Come, to Cair Paravel, where we shall hold a great feast in honor of the victorious dead, and the victorious living."

Nights in Real Narnia were very short compared to day, but existed for those that enjoyed the serene stillness that accompanied it. As this night fell, however, Cair Paravel was anything but calm. Upbeat and jubilant music worked to lift the spirits of the crowd that filled the castle to near capacity, and those in the festival grounds immediately outside its walls.

The largest courtyard in the castle was reserved for dancing, and it was here that Susan studied the Archenland Princess Lyra. She had seen the Princess's look of concern as Peter bore the casket of King Frank earlier, and decided to see for herself how good the two might be together.

A small smile alighted upon the Queen's face as she watched the Princess scold one of her nobles for complaining about how Peter and the others were taken by surprise. The noble and his companion looked at incredulously, as if she had just slapped him across the face. Princess Lyra then turned, the stern look on her face changing to one of sadness, longing, and pity. Susan followed her gaze to where Peter leaned against a wall, head down, so his facial features could not be seen. Sighing, Susan made her way over to her brother.

"Peter!" She whispered.

His head shot up, his face filled with bewilderment at the sternness of her voice, "What?"

"What do you think you're doing? You are the High King! You shouldn't be standing her sulking, especially in present company!"

Peter became even more confused, "What do you mean 'present company'?"

Susan motioned to Lyra with her head, and couldn't help but smile a little at the blush that spread across Peter's face as realization hit him. Her face fell, however, as he turned to glare at her and huffed before walking away. Susan shook her head and gave his retreating figure a disapproving look while someone approached her from the side.

"Excuse me, Queen Susan?"

Susan turned to find Princess Lyra curtsying before her, "I am Princess Lyra, of Archenland."

"Yes, I've been told much about you by my sister, and please, just call me Susan."

The Princess smiled, "Then it is only fit that you call me Lyra."

"It's nice to meet you, Lyra. At least, in happy circumstances." Susan referred to their previous meeting by the assassin's body.

"Yes," Lyra smiled before adorning a look of concern, "I saw you talking to High King Peter, is he alright?"

"Yes," Susan answered as she threw a scowl in the direction he had gone, "My stubborn brother is wrongly blaming himself for the death of King Frank and refuses to be comforted by anyone. That's one of the problems with him. He is willing to comfort others, but when it comes to himself he pretends that nothing is wrong and acts all strong and tough and lets no one in."

"That's actually one of the things I like about him," Lyra said with a blush.

"What?" Susan's face was riddled with skepticism, "You like the fact that he hides his pain and suffering?"

"No, that's not it at all!" Lyra's eyes grew wide as she denied the question. "You obviously don't know me very well if you would think that. What I like is his responsibility and concern towards others, which makes him act strong even when he's not. I do wish I could do something to comfort him, but why would he let me in, when he won't even let you in?"

"I'm sorry," Susan smiled, "You would be surprised though, you might just be able to penetrate that thick skull of his." They walked in silence for a moment in the direction of the gardens, where Peter had gone, "Why don't you come for a ride with my siblings and I sometime? I'd love to get to know you better."

"It would be my pleasure," Lyra said as they reached the empty archway that led into the garden, "Do you think my brother could come too?"

"Sure," Susan answered, "the more the merrier."

Lyra smiled before peering through the archway at the man leaning against a railing, unaware of their presence. She then turned back to Susan and excused herself, practically marching over to Peter. Susan smiled as she watched the two, and was soon joined by her sister.

"So?" Lucy queried, "What do you think?"

Susan's smile grew wider as Peter and Lyra embraced in a comforting hug, "I think it's almost like they were meant to be together." The Queen was suddenly stuck with an idea, and her face changed to one of devious mirth.

"I know that look," Lucy said with a smile, "You have a plan don't you?"

"Yes, but we are going to need a lot of help."

The resurrected enemies of Narnia gathered around an intricately made wooden table that had a large marble slab set into its center. Omen sat at the head of the table, while his general sat at the other end.

"Aslan will no doubt prepare defenses in light of our coming invasion." Omen stated.

"Why did you attack them? You lost us the element of surprise!" Jadis interjected angrily.

"Silence wench!" With a wave of his hand, the White Witch writhed in pain. She stopped and gasped for breath when his hand lowered and he continued, "One, surprise wasn't ours to begin with. I'm sure Aslan would have discovered the identity of his attacker when the fool failed. If anything I used what little surprise we had left. Second, I had to test these supposedly great warriors that lead Narnia. They may be skilled in combat, but are miserably uneducated in the art of war. We will crush them with ease. However, first we must gather the troops necessary to overwhelm their defenses. That is why we are all here right now. We must invade Earth, and force its inhabitants to fight for us."

"How do you propose we do that your Majesty?" Miraz spoke, "It is by far more heavily populated than Narnia, and their technology is much more advanced."

"Therein lies their weakness," Omen's voice was smug, "I believe you will find magic to be far stronger than technology, strong enough to render their advanced weaponry useless against us as well as the Narnians."

The humans of Earth have developed a weapon that they both fear and awe. While useless against us, it can create death and destruction far quicker than our armies could. Because of this, the humans are afraid of using it. They fear that it will wipe them out. We must make use of this. We shall instigate what they call a 'nuclear war' and kill off most of the population. Enslaving the survivors should be a quick and easy task. Once this is done, we will march on Narnia."

****This chapter's done! The next one will probably take longer to post, as I hope to include more in it and I still have to figure out Susan's idea. Once again, please read and review! All reviews are welcome. ****

****Darkguymelef****

3. Chapter 3

****Chapter 3****

****The Road to Love****

****(Operation: Royal Romance)****

In the castle Anvard, Susan, Edmund, Lucy, Eustace, Jill, Caspian, Lillandil, Tirian, and King Nain II all gathered around a candle-lit table. Peter was off planning for war with Aslan, while Nain had sent

Lyra off on an errand. Excitement seemed to boil in the room. Susan smiled as everyone sat down and spoke first.

"Welcome, everyone, to Operation: Royal Romance." She greeted.

Eustace chuckled, "What?"

"I came up with it," Lucy said.

"Ahem." Susan coughed, "As I was saying, that is the name we have chosen for our plan to get Peter and Lyra together. Now, before we begin, can someone please tell me why they haven't gotten together yet?"

The group looked around at each other before Nain spoke, "Well, she doesn't tell me anything. I think she's afraid I will tell Peter."

"She told me once that she doesn't want to ruin their friendship," Lucy stated.

"Yeah, and Peter sucks at romance," Edmund cut in.

"Oh shush," Lucy shot back, "You know he's afraid of the same thing."

"Ok," Susan ended the argument, "Here's what I had in mind"

Peter sighed as he fell on his bed. Stress and fatigue chased each other in circles in his mind. The words Aslan told him earlier filled his head, causing the stress to mount. In a desperate attempt to calm his mind, the King turned his thoughts to the one place he could always find peace and happiness, Lyra. Peter sighed and stared at the ceiling as thoughts of her filled his head.

"Come in," Peter responded to a knock on his door.

"Peter?" Peter's head turned at Lucy's voice as she entered the chamber.

"Yeah?" Peter said as he got up on his elbows.

"Do you want to come for a ride? A bunch of us are going, and we thought you might like to do something relaxing for a change."

Peter smiled, "Sure. I could use a change of pace. Thanks. I'll be ready in a little bit."

Peter reached the stables to find his siblings, Eustace, Jill, Nain, and Lyra waiting for him. The group mounted their steeds and galloped out of the castle. They raced through the town and out onto the plains beyond. They were all laughs and smiles as they wove back and forth in between each other.

"Hey guys!" Lucy shouted, "Let's go to Owlwood!"

Peter didn't like the idea of being in a place with such low visibility. "I don't know, Lu. That might not be a good idea."

"Oh come on Peter!" Edmund said, knowing that challenging his brother's pride would get him to go, "You're not afraid are you?"

Peter glared at the younger King, "Fine. But we have to stay together."

Edmund took the lead towards the woods. Peter fell to the back, so he could keep an eye on their tail. He was not about to get surprised again. The sunlight swiftly diminished into splotches as they headed into the forest. Peter noticed that as the group began to thin out into doubles, Lyra ended up in the back with him. Eager to catch up with her, Peter leaned into his horse and spurred him on faster.

Unbeknownst to the two at the back of the group, Caspian and Lilliandil were crouched on two trees on either side of the path the horses and their riders were on. Each of them had a branch pulled back, waiting to unseat the two lovebirds. The branches weren't thick enough to do any major harm, but they would knock Peter and Lyra from their horses.

The group came around the corner with Edmund still in the lead. Peter's and Lyra's horses had purposefully slowed down somewhat to separate themselves from the group and present the ambushers with better targets. Caspian and his wife waited for the main group to pass and unleashed the branches.

Both Peter and Lyra shouted in surprise. Lyra's branch hit her in the stomach, knocking the air out of her as she fell. Since Peter hadn't sat upright yet, his hit him in the face, causing him to yelp in pain as he was unseated. The High King landed on his back and immediately brought his hands to his bleeding nose.

Caspian glanced nervously at his wife to find her glaring at him. As planned, the two took off into the forest, using the sound of the horses to cover their own noises. Peter and Lyra were left alone. Peter's nose stopped bleeding, so he got up to check on the Archenlandish Princess.

"Lyra, are you okay?" Peter asked as he knelt beside her.

The Princess grunted angrily as she got up, "Do I look okay to you?" Then she got a look at Peter's face, "Peter! I'm sorry! Are you okay? Your nose is bleeding."

Peter raised a hand to his nose, which once again was dripping blood. He quickly pinched his nose and tilted his head back. The pose made him look very comical, and Lyra couldn't resist the oncoming fit of giggles it gave her.

"What's so funny?" The sound of his voice as he pinched his nose only made her laugh harder.

"I-I'm s-sorry," the Princess tried to control her laughter as she took a handkerchief from the pocket of her deep green dress, "Here, let's lie you down until the bleeding stops."

Peter hoped she couldn't see his blush as she put his head in her lap. The young princess unstopped a small flask of water and poured a

few drops on the handkerchief. She gently wiped the dried blood from the King's face, then proceeded to clean the spots on his leather vest and forest green tunic where the blood had dripped.

They stayed like that for a while, even after Peter's nose stopped bleeding. It wasn't until the wind suddenly picked up and the trees began to groan and sway that the two suddenly separated, uttering empty apologies and excuses to each other. An uncomfortable silence filled the air between them before Peter spoke.

"The others must be wondering where we are. We'd better go look for them." He said as he nervously kicked a rock on the ground, "And thank you for helping with my, um, my nose." He mentally kicked himself for sounding so stupid.

"No problem," she replied, doing much the same as he was, "I'm glad to help, but you're right, we should probably get going."

Meanwhile, Caspian and his wife met up with the others in a previously chosen clearing. The others had dismounted and were standing together talking as the two emerged from the forest.

"Well?" Susan asked anxiously, "How did it go?"

"Everything went according to plan," Lilliandil started before glaring at her husband, "except your brother might have a broken nose."

"What!" The Pevensies exclaimed together as they looked incredulously at Caspian.

"How was I supposed to know he was going to have his head down?" Caspian asked, his face completely apologetic, "Why did he have his head down anyway?"

"It doesn't matter," Susan said quickly, "We have to hurry at prepare for phase two of our plan. Come on!" All that were present mounted the horses and rode off into the trees.

Peter had the odd feeling that something wasn't right. It was difficult for him to say for sure, but he could have sworn that the trees were deliberately leading them away from the trail. Lyra, as if being able to read his mind, suddenly broke the silence between them.

"Do you get the feeling that we're not going the right way?"

"Yes," Peter answered.

"We aren't lost are we?"

"No, we're not lost exactly," Peter had trouble explaining what he felt, "it feels as if the trees are leading us somewhere." The thought had him very on edge and ready to fight at a moment's notice, until one name rang through his head: _Lucy._ Was this a setup? Had she and the others conspired to get him and Lyra together? He knew she wanted to see them together, but would she really go this far?

As they continued to walk, the sound of running water reached their ears. It wasn't long before the pair came upon a small stream running through the woods. Sitting next to the water was a basket on a blanket with a small piece of parchment sitting next to it. They found their names written on the parchment.

"Oh good! I'm starving," Lyra said as she reached for the basket.

"Wait!" Peter commanded. He still wasn't sure this wasn't some sort of malevolent plot. "It might be poisoned, let me try it first."

"What- but- wait!" Peter ignored her protests and took an apple as well as one of the two goblets from the basket. He studied the goblet as he approached the stream. The High King took a bite out of the apple as he dipped the goblet into the water, out of which he drank. The two stood perfectly still for a few moments until Peter was sure everything was ok.

"Alright," he said, "it's safe to eat."

"Yay!" Lyra exclaimed, "Seriously Peter. You are so paranoid."

"Well," Peter protested as he sat on the blanket with her, "I just wanted to make sure. I don't want to get caught by surprise again."

Lyra gave the man a look of understanding and sadness, "Peter," she put a hand on his shoulder, "you can't keep beating yourself up about that. We had no idea that he was already in Narnia. And personallyâ€¦ I'm glad you didn't get to fight Omen."

"Thanks," Peter blushed a little.

After he finished eating, Peter went over to the creek and washed his face. Then he just stood there, staring off into space. He was completely oblivious to Lyra's presence in the water. Thus, the King was unprepared as he was suddenly splashed with water.

"Wha-what?" Peter looked over and saw Lyra standing there with a devious grin on her face. "Lyra, what are youâ€¦"

He was unable to finish his sentence, as he got another face full of water. He quickly returned the water attack, causing her temporarily freeze while the water hit her face. With a shocked look on her face, she flung more water back at him. Soon their laughter filled the air as they engaged in an all-out splash fest.

As Peter moved to dodge one oncoming attack, he tripped over a rock hidden in the water. Lyra shouted in surprise as he fell on her. It took a few moments for the two to get their heads together, but when they did, it was the bloody nose incident all over again. The two were blushing madly as they separated. Rubbing his head, Peter cleared his throat to speak.

"Maybe we should get going."

"Yeah, maybe we should."

The two continued to follow the path made by the trees into the forest, no longer really caring where they were being led. As the two walked down the path, taking in the sound of the wind winding through the trees and the beauty of the woods around them, the pair's hands touched. They recoiled instantly; the two royals were beet red. Then, gathering his courage, Peter took ahold of Lyra's hand. The two reddened again, their hearts beating rapidly, but they held on.

They emerged from the trees to find themselves on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea. The sun was starting to set, and the two sat on the edge of the cliff looking out at the water as the light disappeared. The setting sun displayed brilliant colors on the clouds and water.

"It's beautiful," Lyra stated in awe.

"Yeah," Peter sounded breathless, "it most certainly is." Lyra turned to see Peter gazing at her dreamily, "But it's nothing compared to you."

Susan stood at the top of a tower at Cair Paravel, watching the two through a spyglass. When she saw the two turn towards each other, she couldn't help but smile. Putting down the spyglass, she turned to Lucy, who was also in the tower.

"Ok, it's time. Hurry and light the torch."

"Yes, your Majesty," Lucy replied teasingly at her sister's stern tone while she lit a torch hanging on one of the tower's corners. Lifting it up, the Queen waved the torch back and forth three times.

On the edge of the forest a ways away from Peter and Lyra, Edmund and the others began lighting a bunch of fireworks. As they did so, Jill and Eustace took four horses and disappeared into the trees, heading for the lovebirds.

Peter and Lyra were both pleasantly startled as the fireworks shot into the air, exploding in bright flashes of a myriad of colors. The watched in silence for a moment before turning to each other once again, unconsciously closing the space between them.

"Lyra," Peter started as he felt her breath on his face, "I wanted to tell you something. I-I just wanted you t-to know that Iâ€". He didn't get a chance to finish, as the Archenland Princess closed the space between them, pressing her lips to his.

The kiss sent an odd tingly, electrifying feeling through their bodies. When they finally pulled away, Lyra whispered, "I know. I feel the same way."

"Peter! Lyra!"

As if on cue, the two turned to find Jill and Eustace emerge from the trees with their horses. Peter turned back and smiled knowingly at Lyra, who returned it. Together, they got up and walked hand-in-hand towards their friends.

"Well look who decided to show up," Edmund teased as the four rode

into the castle. He and his fellow conspirators had come to the castle shortly after Eustace and Jill left. Judging by the looks on the faces of all of the Narnians present, Peter and Lyra now knew for sure that they had been set up.

"Okay," Peter began as he dismounted and walked to his siblings, "who set up all of this?"

The other Pevensies exchanged guilty looks, but Edmund caved when Peter glowered at him. "It was Susan! It was her idea!" The King said as he pointed to his sister.

Susan glared at Edmund before apologizing to her other brother, "Peter, I'm sorry."

"What do you have to be sorry for?" Peter laughed, surprising his brother and sisters while Lyra pulled the Narnian Queen into a hug.

"Thank you," Lyra whispered as she let Susan go, allowing Peter to embrace his sister.

The submarine's alarm was starting to annoy the demon. Searching the room for the source of the sound, he spotted a console on the wall which had a flashing red light. Omen crossed the room and ripped the console from the wall, silencing the ring. He was about to turn away, when he noticed a sailor still breathing by his feet. Omen drew his sword, and plunged it into his heart. The man let out a short groan before becoming completely still. Satisfied, he sheathed the weapon and returned to his men in the room.

The enemies of Narnia were present as they observed Omen's plan go into action. He studied a few consoles and screens before turning to the small party of soldiers he brought with him, "Search the bodies, two of them should have keys that go here," he pointed to a keyhole on one console, "and here." The demon pointed at the other.

The soldiers shuffled around as they searched the sailors. Soon, two came forward with keys in their hands. Omen motioned for them to insert the keys, and then signaled them to turn them at the same time. A new alarm flared as the strategic missiles were armed. Omen wasted no time before slamming down a red button.

"Attention all crew members," a mechanical voice echoed over the intercom throughout the vessel, "missiles are away. Repeat, missiles are away."

Several roars practically shook the ship as the nuclear missiles blasted towards their designated targets. Omen turned to the villains, whom he had called to be his generals, "With this the war will begin. With just a little more help on our part, all of the major governments in this world will collapse. We will then be able to easily seize control, and annihilate all resistance."

After officially becoming a couple, Peter and Lyra became virtually inseparable. Even when they had different things to do, the two were never very far from each other. In the dark and fearful times in which they lived, when Narnia could be invaded any day, the Narnians took joy in seeing the two so happy. Lyra suddenly found herself being treated as if she was already High Queen, something she wasn't

sure she liked or not.

Susan took great pride in being the one responsible for the couple's bliss. However, there was a side effect she hadn't planned for. Lyra's brother, King Nain II, was suddenly spending an inordinate amount of time with the Pevensies. While it made sense with his sister's almost permanent attachment to the eldest of the siblings, the Archenland King seemed to be popping all over the place around Susan. What made the Queen the most suspicious was that he didn't seem to be doing it to her brothers and sister. She regarded him with a polite, but neutral attitude, as she wasn't quite sure what to make of him yet.

And so it was that, one day, as Lyra, Susan, and Lucy sat having lunch and watching the Pevensie men practice their swordsmanship; Susan let loose a quiet sigh as Nain approached the three women. Her sign of exasperation wasn't quiet enough, however, and Lyra let loose a short giggle at the Queen's predicament. King Nain, completely oblivious to the situation, assumed that the smile on his sister's face was from the blonde haired man she was watching, not having a clue as to the true meaning of the grin.

"May I sit?" The King asked.

"Sure," Lyra and Lucy said at once. Susan and Lyra scooted over to leave room for the King between Lucy and his sister. Lyra's grin grew wider, and Susan became amused when they noticed the look of disappointment on his face as he sat down.

"So, how are you fine maidens this day?" Nain asked the three women.

"Better than you," Lyra answered with a voice laced in glee as she took another bite from her apple. Her eyes never strayed from the dueling Pevensies as she watched Edmund back pedal from one of Peter's powerful blows.

"I'm excellent, thank you," Lucy replied sweetly.

Receiving no answer from the other end of the bench, Nain leaned over and looked at Susan hopefully, "And you Queen Susan? How are you today?"

"Fine, thanks," Susan replied in a monotonous tone, also not taking her eyes from her brothers.

Nain's brow furrowed at this less than enthusiastic reply, "Is there something bothering you, Queen Susan?"

"Maybe," Susan answered with just a hint of irritation in her voice, "but somehow I think I'm just going to have to live with it."

Lucy leaned back to look at her sister curiously, while silence fell on the group. For several moments, the only sounds were the clangs of the duelers' swords as well as their grunts. During this time, a thought struck Lyra, and she smirked deviously. The two sitting on either side of her watched her with nervous suspicion because of that look.

After a few moments, Nain decided to speak again, "Soâ€¦ I was

thinking of going for a ride later today. Does anyone else want to come?"

Before he could receive a reply, a loud clang and a groan drew everyone's attention. Edmund lay on the ground, his sword out of reach. Peter stood over him victoriously with his sword pointed at his younger brother. As he lowered it, Lyra suddenly stood up and walked toward them.

"Alright Edmund!" She called, "Let me show you how it's done!" She beamed as she approached the pair, partially from the thought of dueling her boyfriend, and partly from the glare that she knew was targeted at the back of her head.

"Give it here," the Princess said as she took Edmund's sword. She turned to face Peter, who looked rather unsure of himself. "What's wrong Peter? Not afraid of a girl are you?" She asked.

"N-no," Peter stuttered, "It's just that I-."

He never got to finish his sentence, as she suddenly charged at him. The High King's brain screamed at him to move and his reflexes threw him into action. The King parried her blow, but soon found himself struggling to keep up as she unleashed a flurry of attacks on him. He was shocked at the speed and finesse with which she handled herself as she fought. It wasn't until she swung for his legs, at which he jumped over her blade, and he parried her next attack that he managed to end her offensive. Panting slightly, the two faced each other with swords at the ready.

"Where did you learn to fight so well?" Peter asked.

"My father and my brother," Lyra replied with a smile, "they both thought it would be a funny surprise for anyone that broke my heart."

"Oh," Peter gave her a weak smile and muttered under his breath, "That's lovely."

Lyra stepped forward to renew her assault, but this time Peter was ready for her. She was caught off guard blocked her attack and threw his weight against her, making her stagger back. The High King pressed forward, his sword flashing in the sunlight as his attacks increased in accuracy and power. Lyra proved herself to be defensively strong as well, but soon found her strength waning. Shortly thereafter, with one powerful blow, Peter knocked the sword from her hands.

Peter panted as he lowered his sword. Smiling, Lyra gently placed her hands on his heaving chest and planted a kiss on his cheek. The two became aware of eyes on them, and looked to find not only their respective siblings, but Aslan as well. The lion smiled at Lyra apologetically.

"Excuse Lyra, but I need to borrow Peter for a while. His duties as High King require some attention."

Blushing lightly, Lyra nodded and let the two of them leave. She then turned to the group on the bench, "So, what now?"

"Apparently," Susan answered with mock enthusiasm, "We are going for a ride."

Peter and Aslan entered the Cair Paravel Library, and Peter ordered that they were not to be disturbed unless an emergency occurred. Walking into the room, Peter took notice of the unpleasant look on the lion's face.

"What is it Aslan?" He asked.

"Take a seat Peter; I have something I need to tell you."

****There, it's done! I feel exhausted, what with it being midnight and all. I really had fun writing this chapter. The next one will be up soon. Once again, please review if you like what you read, I really appreciate it. Thanks!****

****Darkguymelef****

4. Chapter 4

****Chapter 4****

****Invasion****

"Peter," Aslan began, "it is very likely that I won't survive this war. Whether or not I will be able to return, I don't know." The lion paused for a second as this information sunk in, the meaning behind it becoming evident on the young man's face. "If I die, it will be up to you to watch over Narnia, and fight Omen."

Peter was silent for a while, his mind overwhelmed by the thoughts and emotions at this possibility. Finally he looked up from the floor, his face betraying his feelings. He reminded Aslan of the way he was before the First Battle of Beruna so long ago. When he spoke, the High King's words were labored, as if he wasn't sure what to say until he said it, "Why— why me? I-I mean, how can I? How can I possibly fight him, especially if he can defeat you?"

Aslan sighed, "Peter, you are High King over all of the Kings and Queens of Narnia. If I die, everyone will look to you to lead them. But don't think you are in this alone. You have all of the heroes of Narnia at your back and, if what I just observed is any proof, a strong and wonderful woman at your side. And as far as your fight with Omen is concerned, why don't you read this?" With one huge paw, he pushed an open book across the table at which Peter sat. The King looked at the book curiously before reading the open passage out loud.

"_The Rise of the High King,"_ he began, "_Long after the land of Narnia has died and has risen again, darkness shall befall the land. And when Narnia enters its darkest hour, the High King shall rise against the darkness. With hope as his sword and love as his shield and an army of heroes for his comrades, the High King will stand against the source of evil itself. His victory will bring peace as it has never been known, while his defeat will bring sorrow and suffering for all."_ Peter said nothing for a moment before looking to the lion, "What's this?"

"That," Aslan responded, "is a legend, a very old legend. It's almost as old as Narnia itself."

A thought occurred to Peter, "Why are you telling me this now? Has something happened?" He received his answer on the majestic lion's face, "Omen's done something, hasn't he?"

"I'm afraid so," Aslan answered gravely, "the Real Earth is suddenly receiving an influx of souls. It would appear he has instigated a war on Earth."

Before Peter could reply, the door to the library opened and a rather disheveled and frantic-looking Edmund burst into the room. The three shared looks for a moment before Peter exclaimed in exasperation, "What now?"

Omen stood on the top of a hill overlooking a muddy prison camp. He watched the humans as they slugged through the muck, forging various weapons and armor with which they would march into battle. He watched the slow progress with a glare in his eyes, unsatisfied at the speed with which the preparations were being accomplished. The humans obviously needed some motivation.

The captain of the guards of the prison camp looked up as the demon began his descent from the top of the hill. He turned and called out to the entire camp for everyone to hear, "All bow before his Majesty, Emperor Omen!"

All that were present turned towards the approaching ruler. All of the guards and many of the prisoners bowed before him. However, many more of the prisoners remained standing, defiant looks upon their faces. Unbeknownst to them, Omen gave a sinister smile from behind his helmet. Several of the guards noticed what was happening and moved to subdue the less than co-operational prisoners. Omen raised a hand for them to stop, and instead motioned for two of the humans to be brought forward. Two men were brought to stand next to him, each held by the arms by two guards. Omen then turned to the rest of the camp, which stared with mixed curiosity and fear.

"It would seem that many of you lack the necessary motivation and loyalty to serve me properly," the demon said with a loud, booming voice, "Allow me to formally explain to you your situation. You can serve me willingly, keeping your life and control of your faculties, orâ€¦" He turned to the nearest prisoner and motioned for the guards to release him, "you will serve unconditionally in death!" He stretched out his hand and let loose from it a ball of thick, black gas, much like the smoky gas that he had used to raise the dead. The ball vanished into the unguarded prisoner, then spread and consumed him. The man's pained, blood-curdling screams pierced all of the onlookers. When the smoke dissipated, all that was left standing was a skeleton. The prisoners' eyes widened in shock, and they all paled visibly. Omen took a sword from one of the guards and handed it to the skeleton.

"Kill him," Omen ordered as he nodded at the other prisoner.

Without hesitation, the undead creature turned and ran the other man through. The prisoner gasped in pain while the others gasped in fear, and collapsed on the ground. Once more, black smoke flew from Omen's hand at the dead body, consuming it until it was nothing but bone.

The skeleton rose to its feet and turned to look out at the crowd. Its master, too, turned to the onlookers.

"The choice is yours," Omen said before turning and leaving, grinning evilly from ear to ear.

Lucy and Lyra giggled and whispered to each other as they stared out one of the castle's windows. Their odd behavior intrigued one of the Narnian Kings, who had come to see Queen Lucy. With a smile on his face, he walked up behind her and embraced her.

"You know, giggling and whispering might make people think that you're up to something," Tirian joked.

"Well maybe that's because we are up to something," Lucy replied as she leaned into him. Lyra just smiled at the couple.

"And what exactly are you up to?" The King queried.

"We are conspiring against the conspirator," Lyra answered. She motioned to the window as confusion spread across his face.

Tirian peered out the window and saw the castle gardens below, and Queen Susan and King Nain talking near the entrance. Realization dawned on him, and he pulled away with a smile.

"We kind of left them down there," Lucy told him.

"So now you're trying to set your sister up with him hmm? Do you plan on setting up Edmund next?"

"Probably," Lucy replied thoughtfully. The three of them laughed before the sounds of pounding and hurried footsteps reached their ears from upstairs. These were soon accompanied by a voice.

"Peter!" They heard Edmund shout, "Peter, wait!"

The three heard a door slam and, after sharing confused looks, went upstairs to investigate. They found Edmund leaning against the wall opposite the door to Peter's chambers. His eyes were closed and he was pinching the bridge of his nose between his thumb and finger. The black haired King looked up as they approached.

"What's wrong?" Lyra asked.

Edmund let out a sigh of frustration, "Calormene has decided that as long as it doesn't openly support Narnia or Aslan, that they won't have to worry about Omen, so they have decided to separate from us. I received the message and told Peter and Aslan, after which Peter just took off and stormed in there." He pointed at the masterfully crafted door.

"I'll go try talking to him," Lyra volunteered. Edmund gave her a look of appreciation as she entered the High King's chambers.

She found Peter sitting at his desk, his head in his hands. She walked over and placed her hands gently on his shoulders, feeling his muscles tense as she did so. The Archenland Princess then pulled up a chair to the side of the desk and sat down so she was facing him.

"Peter look at me."

The High King's blonde head slowly rose until she was staring into his blue eyes. Her heart ached as she practically felt his stress and exhaustion. She took his hands in hers and leaned toward him.

"Peter, what's wrong? Is it Calormene? I'm sure those twits will come around soon, not that we need them anyway." When he didn't answer, but looked back at the table, she guessed that there was more to it, "Is there something else that's wrong Peter?"

Peter silently pulled out an old book and opened it. After a few moments he found the legend that Aslan had shown him earlier. He handed the open book to her and stood up, walking to the center of the room. The High King gave a frustrated and exhausted sigh, placing his hands on the back of his head. Silence filled the room as Lyra read the legend. When he heard her stand, Peter spoke.

"How am I supposed to lead a divided Narnia?" Peter asked as he turned to face her, "I don't think I could possibly save it anyway, but now this?"

Lyra gently shushed him as she brought her arms around his neck, "You are being too hard on yourself. You are strong, and you have the strength of all of us as well. We believe in you Peter— I believe in you." With that, she pressed her lips to his.

It felt as if the kiss lasted for an eternity, but when they had to end it, both thought that it was too soon. Peter gently brought a hand against her cheek, his woes buried into the depths of his mind for the time being. The only thing he wanted at that point was to be with her. They shared another, quicker kiss before she led him by the hand out of the room.

They emerged to find Susan and Nain as well as the others waiting anxiously for them. They just stood there for a moment, before Peter turned to Edmund.

"I'm sorry, Ed." Peter told his brother.

Edmund smiled, "It's ok. I'm just glad that she managed to talk some sense into you before I had to." The friends chuckled at his little joke.

"Well, now that that's settled," Tirian interjected, "how about we all go for a ride?"

A few days later, Lyra found herself wandering around the edge of Owlwood. Over the last few days, Peter had been absent with increased frequency. This left the Archenland Princess to often feel lonely and bored, even when in the presence of friends and family. Much of her time over the last couple of days was spent either training or conspiring with Lucy. Lyra plucked a pear from a nearby tree and took a bite, savoring its taste. She hummed an old tune to herself while she continued her walk.

"I'm pretty sure Peter wouldn't approve of you walking around outside of the castle by yourself," a familiar voice came from behind

her.

Lyra turned and smiled, "Well, why don't you join me Edmund? It would be nice to have some company."

The two walked together, sharing jokes and stories, until they came upon three humans hiding suspiciously behind a bush. Lyra and Edmund looked at each other before crouching low and quietly walking up to the small group. Soon, they were close enough to tell that it was Lucy, Eustace, and Jill.

"What's going on?" Lyra whispered, causing the three to just about jump out of their skin.

"Shh," Eustace held a finger to his lips.

"Come and look," Lucy said with a smile.

The King and the Princess crept forward, peering over the shrubbery. A short ways away, they saw Susan and King Nain II in deep conversation. Lyra's brother seemed to be trying to say something, but was having trouble getting the words out.

"S-so I was wonderingâ€¦ I was just wondering if maybe you would like to maybe if you would like to go for a ride with me sometime, just the two of us." Susan didn't react immediately, which seemed to only make him more nervous, "Or we could do something else like go to the archery range or even just have lunch sometime."

Susan stood completely still for a moment before smiling, "I would love to go for a ride with you, and maybe we could go to the range and have lunch as well."

Nain beamed at her acceptance to the date. Their joy was short-lived, however, because Lucy failed to contain her giddiness. She let out a short snort that was loud enough for Susan and Nain to hear. The two turned to see their five friends and family emerge from behind the bush, their faces filled with guilt, happiness, and amusement.

Susan opened her mouth to speak, but before she could a frantic and pale Mr. Tumnus reached them. "Quick!" He shouted, "To the castle!" After exchanging worried glances, the humans raced after the faun.

It was another ominous sign that the town just below the castle seemed to be just shy of a panic. Everyone ran back and forth hurriedly, a few stopping to notice the Narnian heroes as they ran towards Cair Paravel. They entered the castle to find it even busier than the town below. Soldiers raced to and fro, grabbing weapons and adorning armor, and falling into formation in the courtyard. The group headed for the stables, where they found Peter readying his unicorn for battle. The High King was already decked out in his armor, and looked astounded that Edmund wasn't in his.

"Edmund!" Peter exclaimed, "What are you doing? Get into your armor, quick!"

"Peter, what's going on?" Edmund asked.

Peter stopped and looked at him incredulously, "Omen has invaded the

Wildlands in the north. Our fortress there has already fallen. Caspian is leading a force to stop him, but we need to go and reinforce him."

Edmund took off without one more word. The others moved to prepare themselves, but were halted by the High King.

"What do you guys think you're doing?" Peter asked.

"We're getting ready to go with you," Susan said as if it was obvious.

"No you're not," Peter's voice was commanding and filled with authority as he mounted the unicorn, "you are going to stay here and watch over the castle."

Even Lyra turned to glare at the High King. Susan opened her mouth to protest, but was cut off by her brother, "Stay here, defend the castle. That's an order." He rode off before they could say anything.

Lyra watched from one of the castle's towers as Aslan and Peter led the army out of Cair Paravel. After clearing the town, the large force turned and headed north. She watched them go with an anxious look on her face. It took all the poor woman had to avoid bursting into tears. She felt a hand on her shoulder and turned to see Lucy, who looked very much how Lyra felt. Tirian had also gone with the Pevensie men to Caspian's aid.

"It will be ok," Lucy told the Princess, "As long as they fight together and Aslan is with them, I'm sure everything will be fine."

The army headed north for hours, the sun was starting its descent before they came upon the first warriors from Caspian's army. Many of them were wounded, and they swiftly started to appear in greater numbers. The Narnians cheered when they saw Aslan and Peter.

Aslan's face was filled with sorrow at the sight of the wounded soldiers. "Where is Caspian?" He asked.

Just as the lion asked this, Caspian came over the crest of a hill to their north with the rest of the beaten and battered army. He rode to the other Narnia rulers, his face covered in dirt and sweat.

"They are far more numerous than we are," Caspian said, "We had no choice but to retreat. The demon was flanking our army; if we stood and fought we would have been surrounded."

"He has the advantage of surprise and momentum," Aslan said. He then looked at Peter, "We need to find a defensible spot to fight him."

"Did you see what direction they were headed?" Peter asked Caspian.

"Last I saw, they were moving toward Beruna," The King said.

"If we head there now, we can reach it before they do," Peter looked to Aslan, who simply nodded, "We can set up a defensive position in

the rocks outside of the town, just like we did against the White Witch."

"So be it," Aslan said, "Caspian, take your men to Cair Paravel to rest. We will return after the battle."

Peter turned to the army from Cair Paravel, "We march to Beruna!"

Omen sat on Nightmare, looking across the valley at the cluster of rocky hills where Aslan and his men were amassed. The dark ruler then turned to his own forces, spread in several divisions on the slopes of the hills on the other side of the valley. His general sat on one of the pitch black horses next to him.

"What are your orders, sire?"

"These engagements are hindering our progress. If a battle must be fought it here it has to be short, which isn't going to happen with a force that large in such a defensible position. We need to get them to leave and go to Cair Paravel. If we crush them there, the physical and psychological effects should be enough to render any further resistance futile, or at least extremely weak. General Shadow, order the humans forward, and send for Rabadash. We'll trick them into retreating from those hills."

** Ok, it's starting to get kind of busy for me, so I have to know what everyone thinks of the story. Depending on how many people really like it will affect how much time I devote to writing. Please let me know!**

Darkguymelef

End
file.